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ZENOBI.

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TRAGEDY.

✱
By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

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MEMORIA

THE

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.



TREATISE

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TO
MRS. DANCER

MADAM,

IN a country, where addresses of this nature have generally waited upon the great, upon a wealthy merchant, a rich commissary, or some new man from the sugar islands, it will appear as surprizing to many, as, no doubt, it will to yourself, that a new form of dedication should now be introduced. For the trouble I am giving you it will, however, be unnecessary to make any further apology, when I observe that in France, where talents are honoured, it has been frequently the practice of the most celebrated wits to do justice to those, who, by their profession, are the very organ of the Muses. A Voltaire and a Marmontel have paid their compliments to a Clairon: and why may not an English author, inferior as he is, and ever must be, to writers of that class, rival at least their politeness, by addressing himself to Mrs. DANCER, one of the first ornaments of the British Theatre?

There are, indeed, I must confess it, some demands upon my gratitude on this occasion, which even now are struggling to call my attention another way.--- Mr. GARRICK, madam, has a claim to all the

handsome things that can be said of him. His politeness, from the moment he saw the play, his assiduity in preparing it for representation, the taste with which he has decorated it, and the warmth of his zeal for the honour of the piece, are circumstances that call upon me for the strongest acknowledgments. I could employ my pen with pleasure in thanking Mr. BARRY for the very fine exertion of his powers, wherever the Poet gave the smallest opportunity.— Mr. HOLLAND, who had before now given spirit to such scenes as mine, has renewed the obligation. I could add others to the list, but they, and even Mr. GARRICK at their head, must excuse me, if I turn to Mrs. DANCER, and say with Hamlet, ‘Here’s metal more attractive.’

Zenobia, madam, is your own entirely. Wherever my inaccuracy has left imperfections, they are so happily varnished over by your skill, that either they are not seen, or you extort forgiveness for them: and if the author is any where lucky enough to snatch a grace beyond his usual reach, it is multiplied by your address into a number of beauties, like the Sword in Tasso’s Jerusalem, which, when brandished by the hand of Rinaldo, appears to the whole army to be three swords.

The fate of ZENOBIA has been very extraordinary. She was saved in her life-time from the waters of the

DEDICATION.

v

*Araxes by the hand of a shepherd, and now she is
saved from the critics by Mrs. DANCER.*

*In testimony of the fact, the play, madam, is in-
scribed to you by him, who admires your talents, and
remains,*

Your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Nov. 1768.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

OF old, when Rome in a declining age
Of lawless power had felt the barb'rous rage,
This was the tyrant's art—He gave a prize
To him, who a new pleasure should devise.

Ye tyrants of the Pit, whose cold disdain
Rejects and nauseates the repeated strain;
Who call for rarities to quicken sense,
Say, do you always the reward dispense?

Ye bards, to whom French wit gives kind relief,
Are ye not oft the first—to cry, STOP THIEF!
Say, to a brother do you ere allow,
One little sprig, one leaf to deck his brow?
No;—sierce invective stuns the play-wright's ears,
Wits, Poet's corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers?
'Tis said, the Tartar, ere he pierce the heart,
Inscribes his name upon his poison'd dart.
That scheme's rejected by each scribbling spark;
Our Christian system—stabs you in the dark.

And yet the desp'rate author of to-night
Dares on the muses wing another flight;
Once more a dupe to fame forsakes his ease,
And feels the ambition—here again to please.

*He brings a tale from a far distant age,
Ennobled by the grave historic page !**
*Zenobia's woes have touch'd each polish'd state ;
The brightest eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,
And sung a dirge to her lamented shade.*

*Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.
NOT to translate, our bard his pen doth dip ;
He takes a play, as Britons take a ship ;
They heave her down ; with many a sturdy stroke,
Repair her well, and build with heart of oak.
To every breeze set Britain's streamer's free,
NEW-MAN her, and away again to sea.*

*This is our author's aim ; and if his art
Waken to sentiment the feeling heart ;
If in his scenes alternate passions burn,
And friendship, love, guilt, virtue take their turn ;
If innocence oppress'd lie bleeding here,
You 'll give—'t is all he asks—one VIRTUOUS TEAR.*

* Tacitus Ann. Lib. 12. Sect. 44. to end of 51.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

			<i>Men.</i>
PHARASMANES,	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
RHADAMISTUS,	-	-	Mr. Barry.
TEREBAZUS,	-	-	Mr. Holland.
ZOPIRON,	-	-	Mr. Packer.
TIGRANES,	-	-	Mr. Hurst.
MEGISTUS,	-	-	Mr. Havard.

			<i>Women.</i>
ZENOBIÀ,	-	-	Mrs. Dancer.
ZELMIRA,	-	-	Mrs. Barry.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharasmanes' Camp, on the Banks of the
Araxes.



ZENOBIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Zelmira.

THRO' the wide camp 't is awful solitude!
On every tent, which at the morning's dawn
Rung with the din of arms, deep silence sits
Adding new terrors to the dreadful scene!
My heart dies in me!—hark!—with hideous roar
The turbulent Araxes foams along,
And rolls his torrent through yon depth of woods!
'T is terrible to hear!—who's there?—Zopiron!

ZOPIRON enters.

My lord; my husband!—help me; lend your aid!

Zop. Why didst thou leave thy tent?—why thus
afflict

Thy anxious breast, thou partner of my heart?
Why wilt thou thus distract thy tender nature
With groundless fears—ere yonder sun shall visit
The western sky, all will be hush'd to peace.

Zel. The interval is horrid; big with woe,
 With consternation, peril and dismay!
 And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations
 Suspended hangs upon the doubtful sword,
 If here the trembling heart thus shrink with horror,
 Here in these tents, in this unpeopled camp,
 Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death
 Where numbers soon in purple heaps shall bleed,
 What feelings there must throb in every breast?
 How long, ambition, wilt thou stalk the earth
 And thus lay waste mankind?——

Zop. This day at length
 The warlike king, victorious Pharasmanes
 Closes the scene of war.—The Roman bands
 But ill can cope with the embattled numbers
 Asia pours forth, a firm, undaunted host!
 A nation under arms!—and every bosom
 To deeds of glory fir'd!—Iberia then——

Zel. Perish Iberia!—may the sons of Rome
 Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,
 That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,
 May see his vassals over-whelm'd in ruin,
 May from yon field be led in sullen chains,
 To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,
 And from th' assembled senate humbly learn
 The dictates of humanity and justice!

Zop. Thy generous zeal, thy every sentiment
 Charms my delighted soul.—But thou be cautious,
 And check the rising ardor that inflames thee.
 The tyrant spares nor sex, nor innocence——

Zel. Indignant of controul, he spurns each law,
Each holy sanction, that restrains the nations,
And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

Zop. This is the tyger's den ; with human gore
For ever floats the pavement ; with the shrieks
Of matrons weeping o'er their slaughter'd sons,
The cries of virgins to the brutal arms
Of violation dragged, with ceaseless groans
Of varied misery for ever rings
The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

Zel. To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,
Th' afflicted Ariana—she—for her,
For that fair excellence my bosom bleeds !
She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,
When next the glowing hour of riot comes
Shall fall a victim to his base desires——

Zop. The bounteous gods may succour virtue still !
In this day's battle, which perhaps e'er now
The charging hosts have join'd, should Roman valour
Prevail o'er Asia's numbers.——

Zel. That event
Is all our hope.——And lo ! on yonder rampart
Trembling with wild anxiety she stands,
Invokes each god, and bids her straining eye
Explore the distant field.——

Zop. Yes, there she's fix'd
A statue of despair !——That tender bosom
Heaves with no common grief—I've mark'd her oft,
And if I read aright, some mighty cause
Of hoarded anguish, some peculiar woe

Preys on her mind unseen!—But, ha! behold,
She faints; her fears too pow'rful for her frame
Sink that frail beauty drooping to the earth.

[*Exit hastily,*

Zel. Haste, fly, Zopiron, fly with instant succour;
Support her; help her;—Lo! the attendant train
Have caught her in their arms!—assist her, Heaven,
Assuage the sorrows of that gentle spirit!
Her fluttering sense returns;—and now this way
The virgins lead her.—May the avenging gods!
In pity of the woes such virtue feels,
In pity of the wrongs a world endures,
With power resistless arm the Roman legions,
That they may hurl in one collected blow
Assur'd destruction on the tyrant's head!————

ZENOBIA enters, leaning on two Attendants.

Zen. A little onward, still a little onward
Support my steps————

Zel. How fares it, madam, now?

Zen. My strength returns---I thank you, generous
maids,

And would I could requite you---fruitless thanks
Are all a wretch can give.————

1st Atten. The gentle office
Of mild benevolence our nature prompts——
Your merit too commands:---on Ariana
We tend with willing, with delighted care,
And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

Zen. Your cares for me denote a heart that feels
For others woes.—Methinks with strength renew'd
I could adventure forth again.——

2d Atten. 'T were best

Repose your wearied spirits---we will seek
Yon rising ground, and bring the swiftest tidings
Of all the mingled tumult.

Zen. Go, my virgins ;
Watch well each movement of the marshall'd field ;
Each turn of fortune ; let me know it all ;——
Each varying circumstance.——

Zel. And will you thus,
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus
A willing prey to visionary ills
The self-consuming votarist of care ?

Zen. Alas ! I'm doom'd to weep---the wrath of
Heaven

With inexhausted vengeance follows still,
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

Zel. Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharasmanes,
With all a lover's fondness——

Zen. Name him not !
Name not a monster horrible with blood,
The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears !

Zel. Yet savage as he is, at sight of thee
Each fiercer passion softens into love,
To you he bends ; the monarch of the east
Dejected droops beneath your cold disdain,
And all the tyranny of female pride.

Zen. That pride is virtue; virtue that abhors
 The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder!
 Oh! Mithridates! ever honour'd shade!
 —Peaceful he reign'd, dispensing good around him,
 In the mild eve of honourable days!—
 Through all her peopled realm Armenia felt
 His equal sway;---the sunset of his power
 With fainter beams, but undiminish'd glory,
 Still shone serene, while ev'ry conscious subject
 With tears of praise beheld his calm decline,
 And bless'd the parting ray!---yet then, Zelmira,
 Oh! fact accurs'd! yes Pharasmanes then,
 Detested perfidy!---nor ties of blood,
 Nor sacred laws, nor the just gods restrain him:
 In the dead midnight hour the fell assassin
 Rush'd on the slumber of the virtuous man;
 His life-blood gush'd; the venerable king
 Wak'd, saw a brother arm'd against his life,
 —Forgave him and expir'd!

Zel. Yet wherefore open
 Afresh the wounds, which time long since hath clos'd?
 —This Day confirms his sceptre in his hand.

Zen. Confirms his sceptre—his!---indignant gods,
 Will no red vengeance from your stores of wrath
 Burst down to crush the tyrant in his guilt?
 His sceptre, saidst thou?---urge that word no more---
 The sceptre of his son!---the solemn right
 Of Rhadamistus!---Mithridates' choice,
 That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,

Approv'd him lineal heir;---consenting nobles,
 The public will, the sanction of the laws,
 All ratified his claim;---yet, curs'd ambition,
 Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,
 Nor satisfied to fill Iberia's throne,
 Made war, unnatural war, against a son,
 Usurp'd his crown, and with remorseless rage
 Pursued his life.

Zel. Can Ariana plead
 For such a son?---means she to varnish o'er
 The guilt of Rhadamistus?

Zen. Guilt, Zelmira!

Zel. Guilt that shoots horror through my aching
 heart!-----

Poor lost Zenobia!

Zen. And do her misfortunes
 Awaken tender pity in your breast?

Zel. Ill-fated princess! in her vernal bloom
 By a false husband murder'd!---from the stem
 A rose-bud torn, and in some desert cave
 Thrown by to moulder into silent dust!-----

Zen. You knew not Rhadamistus!---Pharasmanes
 Knew not the early virtues of his son.
 As yet an infant in his tend'rest years
 His father sent him to Armenia's court,
 That Mithridates' care might form his mind
 To arts, to wisdom, and to manners worthy
 Armenia's sceptre, and Zenobia's love.
 The world delighted saw each dawning virtue,
 Each nameless grace to full perfection rising!-----

Oh! he was all the fondest maid could wish,
 All truth, all honour, tenderness and love!
 Yet from his empire thrown! with merciless fury
 His father following, slaughter raging round,
 What could the hero in that die extreme?

Zel. Those strong impassion'd looks!—Some fatal
 secret

Works in her heart, and melts her into tears. [*Aside.*]

Zen. Driven to the margin of Araxes' flood,
 No means of flight, aghast he look'd around—
 Wild throbb'd his bosom with conflicting passions,
 And must I then? tears gush'd and choak'd his voice,
 And must I leave thee then, Zenobia? must
 Thy beauteous form—he paus'd, then aim'd a poniard
 At his great heart—but oh! I rush'd upon him,
 And with these arms close-wreathing round his neck,
 With all the vehemence of prayers and shrieks,
 Implor'd the only boon he then could grant
 To perish with him in a fond embrace.
 The foe drew near---time press'd, no way was left—
 He clasp'd me to his heart---together both,
 Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once
 And sought a requiem in the roaring flood.

Zel. This wondrous tale---this sudden burst of
 passion——

Zen. Ha!---whither has my frenzy led me?—hark!
 That sound of triumph!—lost, for ever lost!
 Ruin'd Armenia——Oh! devoted race!

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

TIGRANES, Soldiers, and some Prisoners, enter.

Zen. Thy looks, Tigranes, indicate thy purpose!
The armies met, and Pharasmanes conquer'd;
Is it not so?

Tig. As yet with pent up fury
The soldier pants to let destruction loose.
With eager speed we urg'd our rapid march,
To where the Romans tented in the vale
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.
At our approach their scanty numbers form
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

Zen. And wherefore, when thy sword demands its
share

Of havock in that scene of blood and horror,
Wherefore return'st thou to this lonely camp?

Tig. With cautious eye as I explor'd the forest,
Which rises thick near yonder ridge of mountains,
And stretches o'er the interminable plain,
I saw these captives in the gloomy wood,
Seeking with silent march the Roman camp.
Impal'd alive 't is Pharasmanes' will
They suffer death in misery of torment.

Zen. Unhappy men!—and must they—ha!—
that face,

That aged mien!—that venerable form!—
Immortal pow'rs!—is it my more than father?—
Is that Megistus?—

Meg. Ariana here!

Gods! could I ever hope to see her more?
Thou virtuous maid!—thou darling of my age!—

Zen. It is—it is Megistus!—once again
Thus let me fall and clasp his rev'rend knee,
Print the warm kiss of gratitude and love
Upon this trembling hand, and pour the tears,
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.

Meg. Rise, Ariana, rise---almighty gods!
The tide of joy and transport pours too fast
Along these wither'd veins---it is too much
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief
And palsied age,---it is too much to bear!
Oh! Ariana,---daughter of affliction,
Have I then found thee?---do I thus behold thee!—
Now I can die content!—

Zen. Thou best of men!
These joys our tears and looks can only speak.—

Meg. Yet they are cruel joys---mysterious heav'n!
You bid the storm o'ercast our darksome ways;
You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;
Then comes a breath from you, and all is vanish'd!

Zen. Wherefore dejected thus—

Meg. Alas! to meet thee
But for a moment, and then part for ever!
To meet thee here, only to grieve thee more,
To add to thy afflictions,---wound that bosom
Where mild affection, where each virtue dwells,
Just to behold thee, and then close my eyes
In endless night, while you survey my pangs
In the approaching agony of torment—

Zen. Talk not of agony ;---'tis rapture all !
And who has power to tear thee from my heart ?

Meg. Alas ! the charge of vile impured guilt——

Zen. I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind---
Thy sense of noble deeds---imputed guilt ;
Oh ! none will dare---hast thou Tigranes ? what,
What is his crime ? blush, foul traducer, blush !
Oh ! [*To Megistus*] the wide world must own thy
every virtue.——

Tig. If in the conscious forest I beheld
Their dark plottings——

Zen. Peace, vile sland'rer, peace !
Thou know'st who captivates a monarch's heart——
'T is I protect him---Ariana does it !——
Thou, venerable man ! in my pavillion
I'll lodge thee safe from danger——oh ! this joy,
This best supreme delight the gods have sent,
In pity for whole years of countless woe.

[*Exit with Megistus.*]

ZELMIRA enters.

Tig. With what wild fury her conflicting passion
Rise to a storm, a tempest of the soul !
I know the latent cause---her heart revolts,
And leagues in secret with the Roman arms.

Zel. Beware, Tigranes !---that excess of joy,
Those quick, those varied passions strongly speak.
The stranger has an int'rest in her heart.
Besides, thou know'st o'er Pharasmanes' will
She holds supreme dominion——

Tig. True, she rules him
With boundless sway——

Zel. Nay, more to wake thy fears——
The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus
In secret sighs, and feels the ray of beauty
Through ev'ry sense soft-thrilling to his heart.
He too becomes thy foe.

Tig. Unguarded man!
Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,
As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,
And lets each passion stand confess'd to view;
Such too is Ariana; bold and open
She kindly gives instructions to her foe,
To marr her best designs.

Zel. Her foe, Tigranes!
That lovely form inshrines the gentlest virtues,
Softest compassion, unaffected wisdom,
To outward beauty lending higher charms
Adorning and adorn'd!---The gen'rous prince,——
He too——full well thou know'st him——he unites
In the heroic mould of manly firmness,
Each mild attractive art——oh! surely none
Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

Tig. None should, Zelmira!——ha! those warlike
notes!

TERIBAZUS enters.

Ter. Each weary soldier rest upon his arms,
And wait the king's return---Zelmira, say,
In these dark moments of impending horror,

How fares thy beauteous friend?---her tender spirit
But ill supports the fierce alarms of war.

ZENOBIA enters.

Zen. Where is he?---let me fly---oh! Pharasmanes---
Methought those sounds bespoke the king's approach---
Oh! Teribazus, tell me---have the fates---
This horrible suspense-----

Ter. I came, bright maid,
To hush the wild emotions of thy heart.
Devouring slaughter for a while suspends
Its ruthless rage; as either host advanc'd
In dread array, and from the burnish'd arms
Of Asia's ranks redoubled sun-beams play'd
Burning with bright diversities of day,
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp
With proffer'd terms---my father deign'd for once
To yield to mild persuasion---in his tent
Th' ambassador of Rome will soon attend him
To sheath the sword, and give the nations peace.

Zen. But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir!
The wretched heir of misery!---But now
A more than father found, yet cruel men
Would tear him from me---gen'rous, gen'rous prince,
Spare an old man, whose head is white with age,
Nor let 'em wound me with the sharpest pang
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

Ter. Arise, my fair; let not a storm of grief
Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;
Soon shall they all revive-----

Zen. They brought him fetter'd,
Bound like a murderer!—Tigranes, he,
This is the author of the horrid charge——
He threatens instant death—but oh! protect,
Protect an innocent, a good old man,——
Or stretch me with him on the mournful bier.

Ter. By Heaven, whoe'er he is, since dear to you,
He shall not suffer—quick, direct me to him—
My guards shall safe inclose him.

Zen. In my pavillion
He waits his doom.

Ter. Myself will bear the tidings
Of life, of joy, and liberty restor'd.
And thou, artificer of ill, thou false,
Thou vile defamer!—leave thy treach'rous arts,
Nor dare accuse whom Ariana loves. [Exit.

ZELMIRA enters.

Zen. Zelmira, this is happiness supreme!
Oh! to have met with unexampl'd goodness,
To owe my all, my very life itself,
To an unknown but hospitable hand,
And thus enabled by the bounteous gods,
To pay the vast, vast debt——'t is ecstasy
That swells above all bounds, till the fond heart
Ache with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

Zel. What must Zelmira think?—at first your
tongue
Grew lavish in the praise of Rhadamistus,
With hints obscure, touching your high descent;

And now this hoary sage—is he your father?
My mind is lost in wonder and in doubt.

Zen. Then to dispel thy doubts, and tell at once
What deep reserve has hid within my heart,
I am Zenobia—I that ill-starr'd wretch!
The daughter of a scepter'd ancestry,
And now the slave of Mithridates' brother!

Zel. Long lost Zenobia, and restor'd at length!
I am your subject; oh! my queen, my sov'reign!

Zen. Thou gen'rous friend! rise, my Zelmira, rise,
That good old man! oh! it was he beheld me
Borne far away from Rhadamistus' arms,
Just perishing, just lost!—

He dash'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,
And brought me back to life. My op'ning eyes
Just saw the light, and clos'd again to shun it.
Each vital power was sunk, but he, well skill'd
In potent herbs, recall'd my flutt'ring soul.

Zel. May the propitious gods reward his care.

Zen. With me he sav'd a dear, a precious boy,
Then in the womb conceal'd; he sav'd my child
To trace his father's lov'd resemblance to me,
The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

Zel. Oh! blessings on him, blessings on his head!—

Zen. Resign'd and patient I since dwelt with him
Far in the mazes of a winding wood,
Midst hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.
But oh! the fond idea of my lord
Pursued me still, or in the cavern'd rock,
The mountain's brow, and pendant forest's gloom.

The sun look'd joyless down; each lonely night
Heard my griefs echoing thro' the woodland shade.
My infant Rhadamistus! he is lost,
He too is wrested from me! 'midst the rage
And the wide waste of war, the hell-hound troops
Of Pharasmanes sought my lone retreat,
And from the violated shades, from all
My soul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,
And never shall the wretched mother see
Her child again!——

Zel. Heaven may restore him still,
May still restore your royal husband too——
Who knows but some protecting god——

Zen. No god!
No guardian power was present! he is lost!——
Oh! Rhadamistus!—oh! my honour'd lord!
No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;
The rolling flood devour'd thee!——thou hast found
A watry grave, and the last dismal accents
That trembling on thy tongue, came bubbling up,
And murmur'd lost Zenobia!

Zel. Yet be calm.——
The gods may bring redress—even now they give
To misery like thine, the heartfelt joy
Of shielding injur'd virtue.

Zen. Yes, Zelmira,
That pure delight is mine, a ray from Heaven
That bids affliction smile—All gracious powers!
Make me your agent here to save Megistus,
I'll bear the load of life, bear all its ills

Till you shall bid this sad world-weary spirit
 To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,
 And seek my lord in the dark realms of night;
 Seek his dear shade in ev'ry pensive grove,
 And bear him all my constancy and love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Tigranes.

A FALSE accuser deem'd!—artificer of fraud!
 Those words, intemp'rate boy—thy phrenzy too
 Deluded fair!—shall cost you dear atonement.
 Yet till occasion rise—the king approaches.

[Grand warlike music.]

A Military Procession. PHARASMANES, &c. enters.

Phar. At length the fame of Pharasmanes' arms
 Hath aw'd the nations round—Rome shrinks aghast
 With pale dismay, recalls her trembling legions,
 And deprecates the war—oh! what a scene
 Of glorious havock had yon field beheld,
 If peaceful counsels had not check'd my fury!
 Valiant Tigranes, those rebellious slaves,
 Thy care detected—have they suffer'd death?

Tig. Your pardon, sir—their doom as yet suspended—
 The gen'rous prince—I would not utter aught
 Should injure Teribazus—

Par. Ha!—proceed,
And give me all the truth——

Tig. By his command——
His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour
To urge their sentence.

Phar. Vain aspiring boy!
Tell Teribazus,

ZENOBIA enters.

——Tell th' unthinking prince,
The rash presumptuous stripling, these his arts,
These practices of popular demeanour,
Are treason to his father——let him know
Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm
My will is fate—the slaves shall meet their doom.

Zen. Oh, mighty king, thus bending lowly down,
An humble suppliant——

Phar. Ariana here!
Thou beauteous mourner, let no care molest
Thy tender bosom; rise and bid thy charms
Beam forth thy gentlest lustre to adorn
The glories of my triumph.

Zen. Oh! a wretch like me
It best befits thus groveling on the earth
To bathe your feet with tears.

Phar. It must not be—— *[He raises her.]*
By Heaven renown in arms in vain attends me,
If the lov'd graces of thy matchless form
Are thus depress'd and languish in affliction,
Like flow'ers that droop and hang their pining heads
Beneath the rigour of relentless skies.

Zen. If thou would'st raise me from the depths of
woe,

Forgive those captives, whom thy fatal anger
Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-tim'd resentment
Fall on the prince your son---'t was I---my tears——
My piercing lamentations won his heart
To arrest their doom——

Phar. For traitors to my crown
Does Ariana plead?——

Zen. For mild humanity
My suppliant voice is rais'd——I point the means
To add new glory to your fame in arms.
In naught so near can men approach the gods
As the dear act of giving life to others.
In feats of war the glory is divided,
To all imparted, to each common man,
And fortune too shall vindicate her share.
But of sweet mercy, the vast, vast renown
Is all your own; nor officer, nor soldier
Can claim a part, the praise, the honour'd praise,
Adorns the victor; nor is the echo lost
'Midst shouts of armies, and the trumpet's sound.
He conquers even victory itself.

Than hero more--a blessing to the world!——

Phar. Thy eloquence disarms my stubborn soul,
But wherefore urgent thus? amidst the band
Is there who claims thy soft solicitude?

Zen. A hoary sage---alas! a more than father——
The best of men, preserver of my being,
A blameless shepherd! rude of fraud and guilt,

Innoxious through his life---oh ! mighty king,
Spare an old man, a venerable sire !
Naught has your fortune greater than the power
To serve humanity ! shew that your heart
Has the sweet grace, the gen'rous virtue too !

Phar. My soul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,
Thy violence of pray'r, release him straight—
My brightest honours wait him ; honours fit
For him who gave thee birth ; for him whose virtue
Thy gen'rous soul deems worthy its esteem.

Zen. Our humble station seeks nor pomp nor
splendor——

We only ask, unenvied and obscure,
To live in blameless innocence, to seek
Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

Phar. That cold disdain, which shuns admiring
eyes,

Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm.
No more of humble birth---thy matchless beauty,
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their lustre,
Was form'd to dignity the eastern throne.
My sceptre, that strikes terror to each heart,
Grac'd by thy decent hand shall make each subject
Adore thy softer sway. The glorious æra
Of Pharasmanes' love, his date of empire
With Ariana shar'd, henceforth begins,
And leads the laughing hours---but first the storm
Of war and wild commotion must be hush'd—
That mighty care now calls me to my throne,

To give the Roman audience ; audience fit
To strike a citizen of Rome with awe,
When he beholds the majesty of kings. *[Going.*

TERIBAZUS *enters.*

Ter. Dread sir, the Roman embassy approaches.—
From yonder rampart that invests your camp,
I heard their horses' hoofs with eager speed
Beat the resounding soil.

Phar. Let 'em approach——

And thou, whose arrogance---but I forbear——
When Ariana pardons, my resentment
Yields to her smiles, and looks away its rage.
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,
And the red thunder quivers in his hand ;
The queen of love his vengeance can disarm
With the soft eloquence of ev'ry charm ;
Controul his passions with resistless sway,
And the impending storm smile to serenest day.

[Exit with his train.

ZENOBIA *enters.*

Ter. And may I then once more, thou bright perfection,

May Teribazus once again approach thee,
While thus my father, my ambitious father,
At sight of thee forgets his cruel nature,
And wonders how he feels thy beauty's pow'r ?
Oh! may I—but I'm too importunate——

D

Your looks rebuke me from you, and I see
How hateful I am grown!

Zen. Mistake me not,
Nor rashly thus arraign the looks of one,
Whose heart lies bleeding here—thy gen'rous worth
Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.
But oh! for me, for wretched Ariana,
The god of love long since hath quench'd his torch,
And ev'ry source of joy lies dead within me.

Ter. That cold averted look! but I am us'd
To bear your scorn;—your scorn that wounds the
deeper,

Mask'd as it is with pity and esteem.
Yet love incurable—relentless love
Burns here a constant flame, that rises still,
And will to madness kindle, should I see
That hoard of sweets, that treasury of charms
Yield to another, to a barb'rous rival
Who persecutes a son to his undoing.

Zen. If Ariana's happiness would wound thee,
Thou 'lt ne'er have cause to murmur or repine.
Naught can divorce me from the black despair
To which I've long been wedded.

Ter. Calm disdain,
I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair
Whom Pharasmanes destines for his throne.
But oh! in pity to this breaking heart,
Give me, in mercy give some other rival,
Whom I may stab, without remorse may stab,
'Midst his delight, in all his heaven of bliss,

And spurn him from the joys, that scorpion-like
Shoot anguish here——here thro' my very soul.

Zen. Alas! too gen'rous prince, the gods long since
Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

Ter. What say'st thou, Ariana? ha! beware,
Nor urge me to distraction—love like mine,
Fierce, gen'rous, wild, with disappointment wild,
May rouse my desp'rate rage to do a deed
Will make all nature shudder. Love despis'd
Not always can respect the ties of nature!——
Driven to extremes the tend'rest passion scorn'd
May hate at length the object it adores,
And stung to madness—no! inhuman fair,
You still must be, in all vicissitudes,
In all the scenes misfortune has in store,
You still must be the sov'reign of my soul.
But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,
By Heaven, whoe'er he be, despair and phrenzy
May strike the blow, and dash him from your arms
A sacrifice to violated love.

Zen. Why thus distract yourself with vain
suspensions?

You have no rival, whom your rage can murder——
None in the power of fate—oh! Teribazus,
The wretched Ariana—long, long since——
My heart sweels o'er—I cannot speak—a duty,
A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept
Thy proffer'd love; a duty, which, if known,
Would in eternal silence seal thy vows,

Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!
 Bid thee respect calamities like mine. [Exit.

Ter. Yet, Ariana, stay—turn, turn, and hear me—
 She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!
 And leaves me thus to misery of soul.

ZOPIRON enters.

Zop. Flamminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,
 And bears the olive-branch—the king your father
 Assembles all his nobles——

Ter. Say, Zopiron,
 Does Rome yield up Armenia?

Zop. Rome is still
 The scourge of lawless power—a people's rights
 The conscript fathers have resolv'd to shield,
 And to the lineal heir assert the crown.

Ter. May the stern god of battles aid their arms,
 And fight with the deliverers of mankind!
 Unnatural father! that would seize my sceptre,
 Mine as my brother's heir, and ravish with it
 The idol of my soul—but now no more
 His tyranny prevails—to empire rais'd,
 'T will be the pride of my exulting heart,
 To lay my crown at Ariana's feet. [Exit.

Zop. Unhappy prince! should Pharasmanes know
 His ardent passion for the captive maid,
 Alas! his fatal rage,—propitious powers!
 May these events,—may Rome's ambassador,—
 Oh! may he come with concord in his train,
 And far avert the ills my heart forebodes!
 But lo! Flamminius.——

RHADAMISTUS enters.

Welcome to these tents

The harbinger of peace!

Rbad. Does your king know
Flamminius waits his leisure?

Zop. He prepares
To hear you, Roman!—

Rbad. As I tread his camp
There is I know not what of horror shoots
Thro' all my frame,—and disconcerted reason
Suspends her function, a black train of crimes,
Murders, and lust, and rapine, cities sack'd,
Nations laid waste by the destructive sword,
A thousand ruthless deeds all rise to view,
And shake my inmost soul, as I approach
The author of calamity and ruin.

Zop. Then from a Roman, from a son of freedom
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,
The strong resistless strain, which liberty
Breathes in her capitol, till his proud heart
Shudder with inward horror at itself.

Rbad. In Pharasmanes' camp that honest stile!—
Thy visage bears the characters of virtue.—
Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

Zop. In me you see Zopiron! deem me not
A vile abettor of the tyrant's guilt.
To me Armenia trusts her sacred rights;
Hither her chosen delegate she sends me,
At the tribunal of Iberia's king,

To plead her cause, an injured people's cause !
 Oh ! never, never shall my native land
 Yield to a vile usurper.

Rhad. Rome has heard
 Thy patriot toil for freedom—Rhadamistus
 Has heard thy generous ardor in his cause,
 And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

Zop. Oh ! name not Rhadamistus—now no more
 The god-like youth shall bless Armenia's realm.
 The fates just shewed him to the wond'ring world,
 And then untimely snatch'd him from our sight !—

Rhad. And didst thou know the prince ?

Zop. My lot severe
 Denied that transport ; but the voice of fame
 Endears his memory.

Rhad. A time may come
 When you may meet, and both in friendship burn.
 Still Rhadamistus lives !—

Zop. Said'st thou, Flamminius !——
 Lives he ?

Rhad. Still he survives ; from death and peril
 Saved by a miracle !—and now for him
 Rome claims Armenia.

Zop. Claims Armenia for him !——
 For Rhadamistus claims ! and will ye, gods !
 Still will ye give him to a nation's prayers ?

Rhad. Alas ! he lives ;—heart-broken, desolate,
 In sorrow plunged,—abandoned to despair !

Zop. The righteous gods will vindicate his cause.—
 His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,

That every excellence—does she too live?
Have the indulgent powers watched o'er her fate,
And sav'd her for her people?

Rhad. There, Zopiron,
There lies the wound that pierces to his soul,
The sharpest pang,—that rends—that cleaves his heart.
Oh! never more shall lovely lost Zenobia,
That angel form, that pattern of all goodness,
No, never more—she's gone, for ever gone!—
Thou would'st not think—her barb'rous, cruel husband—

With his own hand—the recollected tale
Of horror shakes my frame to dissolution!—
Her husband!—he!—that dear, that tender form—
Oh!—poor Zenobia—oh!—— [*Falls into a swoon.*]

Zop. He faints;—he falls!—
Can Roman stoicism thus dissolve
In tender pity?—rise, Flamminius, rise;
He stirs; he breathes; and life begins to wander
O'er his forsaken cheek. Resume thy strength,
And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears.

Rhad. I'll not be forced back to a wretched world.
No;—let me,—let me die.——

Zop. His eyes reject
The cheerful light—what can this anguish mean?

Rhad. You do but waste your pains; it is in vain!
Away, and leave a murderer to his woes.

Zop. Why thus accuse thyself? I'll not believe it—
Thus let me raise thee from the earth.

Rhad. Alas, [*Rising.*]
Despair weighs heavy on me.

Zop. Still I must
Controul this sudden phrenzy——

Rbad. Oh!—Zopiron,
Here,—here it lies——

Zop. Unburthen all, and ease
Your loaded heart—it cannot be—thou never wert
A murderer!

Rbad. Yes!—the horror of the world!
A murderous wretch!—the fatal Rhadamistus!
'T was I—these felon hands!—with treacherous love
I clasp'd her in this cursed embrace—I bore her
In these detested arms, and gave that beauty,
That tender form to the devouring waves.
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire——
Here fix,—fix all your vultures in my heart!——
And lo! they rush upon me—[*Starts up.*] see! see
there!

With racks and wheels they come; they tear me piece-
meal——

'T is just, Zenobia! I deserve it all——

[*Falls upon Zopiron.*]

Zop. Assist him, guardian pow'rs—your own high
will

Guides these events!—revive, my prince, revive!

Rbad. Why thus recall me to despair and horror?
To bid me hate the light, detest myself,
Traitor to nature,—traitor to my love!——
And yet, Zopiron, yet I am not plung'd
So far in guilt, but thou may'st pity me.
Heaven, I attest—yes you can witness, gods!

I meant to perish with her---but the fates
 Denied that comfort---from her circling arms
 The torrent bore me far---expiring, senseless,
 Gasping in death, the overflowing tide
 Impetuous drove me on th' unwish'd for shore.
 There soon deserted by the merciless stream,
 A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontier
 They rang'd the country round, descried me stretch'd
 Pale and inanimate---with barbarous pity
 They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack
 Of inauspicious life!—

Zop. For wondrous ends
 Mysterious providence has still reserv'd you,
 To circulate the happiness of millions,
 A patriot prince—

Rhad. Would they had let me perish!
 What has a wretch like me to do in life,
 When my Zenobia's lost? 't is true, my friend,
 She begg'd to die, but that pathetic look,
 Her tears, embraces, and those streaming eyes,
 Still beauteous in distress!--each winning grace,
 Her every charm should have forbid the deed,
 And pleaded for her life!

Zop. And yet, my prince,
 When self-acquitting conscience—

Rhad. Self-condemn'd
 My soul is rack'd, is tortur'd—not her child,
 Her unborn infant, the first fruit of love,
 Not even her babe could with the voice of nature
 Plead for itself, or for its wretched mother.

They perish'd both, she and her little one,
And I survive to tell it.

Zop. Let not grief
O'erwhelm your reason thus—what! when your
father,
Your cruel father, reeking from the blood
Of Mithridates——

Rhad. Naught but death was left,
Yet even that last, sad refuge was debarr'd me!
Ever since I've lived in misery; my days
Were coloured all with anguish and despair!
Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.
At length revealed me to a chosen friend;
Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full senate
Told all the dismal story of my woes.
The conscript fathers heard, and dropt a tear——
Then to quick vengeance fir'd, dispatch'd their
legions,

To wage the war: Paulinus leads them on,
And now to me commits this embassy,
With fully delegated powers from Rome.

Zop. With one united voice Armenia calls
For Mithridates' heir! convinc'd by rumour
That thou art lost, the general cry demands
Your brother Teribazus——

Rhad. He, Zopiron,
Is to these eyes a stranger.

Zop. Hapless prince!
A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head.
A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;

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Her name is Ariana; and indeed
 No wonder she attracts his soft regard,
 And kindles all the vehemence of love.
 The tyrant eyes her too with fierce desire,—
 And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

Rhad. By Heaven it shall not be—alas! I know
 The pang of losing whom the heart adores.
 I'll yield him up Armenia—what are crowns
 But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd,
 The dear partaker of my throne is lost?

TIGRANES enters.

Zop. What would Tigranes?

Tig. Pharasmanes calls
 Flamminius to his presence—

Rhad. I attend him;—
 So tell your king—

Tig. Instant he waits thee, Roman. [Exit.

Rhad. How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

Zop. Then summon all your strength—the lapse of
 time

From early youth, when Pharasmanes saw you,
 Affliction's inward stroke,---that Roman garb,
 All will protect, and cloak you from detection!

Rhad. Zopiron yes; in this important crisis,
 When violated laws, and injur'd men,
 When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,
 The great occasion calls for firmest vigour.
 Yes, in this interview I will maintain
 A Roman's part; in Pharasmanes' soul

I'll wake the furies of detested guilt,
 And pour the rapid energy of truth
 Till ev'n to himself his crimes are known,
 And the usurper tremble on his throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PHARASMANES, *on his Throne*; TIGRANES,
 ZOPIRON, Officers, &c.

Pharasmanes.

WHERE is this bold republican from Rome?
 This enemy of kings?—Tigranes, thou
 Bid the plebeian enter—Pharasmanes
 Vouchsafes him audience.

FLAMMINIUS enters.

Now, Flamminius, say
 What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,
 To wage this slow, this philosophic war?

Rhad. By me, unworthy of the important charge,
 By me, unequal to the arduous theme,
 The conscript fathers here explain their conduct,
 And justify the ways of Rome to kings.

Phar. Roman, thou may'st declaim with all thy
 pomp
 Of idle eloquence.

Rhad. No power of words,
 No graceful periods of harmonious speech
 Dwell on my lip—the only art I boast

Is honest truth, unpolished, unadorn'd—
 Truth that must strike conviction to your heart,
 Truth that informs you,—to usurp a crown,
 For dire ambition to unpeople realms,
 Are violations of each sacred law,
 And did the Roman eagle, wing'd with vengeance,
 To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,
 To tell destruction it shall rage no more.

Phar. And dares Paulinus' soldier, dar'st thou, slave,
 Thus offer vile indignity, and mouth
 The language of your forum to a king?

Rhad. Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's king,
 But not Armenia's.

Phar. Ha!——

Rhad. Th' assemble senate
 Acknowledges your vast renown in arms,
 And honours the unshaken fortitude
 Even of a foe—but, sir, the fortitude,
 Whose brutal rage lays nations desolate,
 It is the glory of imperial Rome
 To humble and subdue—it is the glory
 Of Rome, that spares the vanquish'd, 't is her pride
 To set the nations free; to fix the bounds
 Of the fell tyrant's power; to trace the circle
 From which he must not move—these are the arts
 The bright prerogative of Rome—of Rome,
 The mistress of the world, whose conqu'ring banners
 O'er Asia's realms so oft have wav'd in triumph,
 And made even king's her subjects——

Phar. Ha! vain boaster!

Rhad. Made oriental kings, short by the knee
Accept their crown, with tears of joy accept it,
And be the viceroys of a Roman senate.

Phar. And this to Pharasmanes?---has not yet
A train of conquests taught you to revere
This good right arm in war? This arm the Parthians
Have felt with fatal overth'ow---no spoil,
No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;
No friends of mine were harness'd to their chariots;
No captive chief, like your own mangled Crassus,
There roams a sullen ghost, and calls for vengeance,
For vengeance still unpaid, and calls in vain
For the sad funeral rites. Would Rome presume
To wrest Armenia from me, lo! my banners
From frosty Caucasus to Phasis' banks
Wave high in air, and shadow all the land.
Call your embattled legions---or does Rome,
All conqu'ring Rome, that mistress of the world,
Does she at length by her ambassadors
Negotiate thus the war?

Rhad. Rome, sir, commands
The subject world, for she adores the gods---
And their all-powerful aid.

Phar. Would'st thou dispute
My lawful claim, arm thee with sword and fire,
Not with vain subtleties, and idle maxims.
Armenia's crown is mine, deriv'd to me,
Heir to a brother, and a son deceas'd.

Rhad. And can a murderer, can the midnight ruffian,
Prove himself heir, by the assassin's stab?

Phar. Thou base reviler!

[*Comes forward and draws his sabre.*

Tig. Moderate your fury;

[*Holding him.*

It were unjust——

Zop. The character he bears,---

The laws of nations——

Phar. Thou base insolent!

Who dar'st to wound the ear of sacred kings

With a black crime, that 's horrible to nature!

Rbad. Yes, horrible to nature!—yet the world

Has heard it all—thou art the man of blood!

A brother's blood yet smokes upon thy hand——

Not his white age, his venerable looks,

Not even his godlike virtues could withhold thee.

Gash'd o'er with wounds he falls? he bleeds, he dies,

Without a groan he dies!—that is thy work,

Thine, murderer, thine!——

Phar. No more—the hand of heaven

Shook from the blasted tree the wither'd fruit——

Rbad. Forbear the impious strain—it is the stile

Ambition speaks, when for a crown it stabs,

Then dares, with execrable mockery dares,

Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

Phar. He harrows up my soul!—and do'st thou
think

A madman's ravings——

Rbad. Since that hour accurst

Hast thou not plung'd thee deeper still in guilt?

Your son—your blameless son——

Phar. His crimes provok'd

A father's wrath—his and Zenobia's crimes!

Rhad. She too—untimely lost—unbidden tears
Forbear to stream, nor quite unman me thus.

Phar. In tears!—by heaven, thou woman-hearted
slave,

Those coward symptoms have some latent spring
That lies concealed within that treacherous heart.

Rhad. They are the tears humanity lets fall
When soft ey'd beauty dies untimely slain.
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror
The Roman legions——

Phar. Lead 'em to the charge.
Thou quit my camp:—If when yon sun descends
Thou lingerest here, the title of ambassador
Shall naught avail to save thee from my fury.

Rhad. Ere that resign Armenia. Till the close
Of day, I give thee leisure to revolve
The vengeance Rome prepares. Thou know'st
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy sons
Lift the avenging spear. Be timely wise,
Nor dare provoke your fate. [Exit.

Phar. Roman, farewell!—
Do thou, Tigranes, issue forth my orders
From tent to tent, that each man stand prepar'd
For the dead midnight hour—with silent march
Then will I pour with ruinous assault
Upon the astonish'd foe, my horses hoofs
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's sun
A spectacle of horror and destruction.

[He ascends his throne, and the back Scene closes.]

SCENE II.

ZENOBIA and MEGISTUS enter.

Zen. Oh! tell me all, Megistus; let me hear
All that concerns my child, my blooming boy,
My little Rhadamistus---is he safe?
Give me the truth---do not deceive a mother
Who doats upon her babe---is my child safe?

Meg. Dry up your tears---I cannot bear to see you
Afflicted thus---your infant hero's safe---
You may believe your faithful old Megistus.

Zen. I do believe thee---but excuse my weakness---
My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me
By ruffians seiz'd, and as he sees the knife
Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring
For me by name, and begging my assistance,
While far, far off his miserable mother
No aid can give, nor snatch him to her heart.

Meg. I never yet deceiv'd you---by yon heaven
The prince still lives---when I regain'd my cottage
After the toils of many a weary day,
I found him there---but griev'd and wondering much
Where his dear mother was.

Zen. Megistus tell me,
Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,
All his apt questions, his enchanting words;
For I could hear of him for ever---lovely youth!

His father's image blooming in his boy!
 Through seven revolving years my only comfort!—
 When from my eyes the sudden sorrows gush'd,
 How would he look, and ask his wretched mother
 What meant those falling tears?—alas! even now
 I see him here before me—did my child
 Think his poor mother lost?

Meg. At first he seem'd
 To pine in thought at your long weary absence,
 And many a look he cast, that plainly spoke
 His little bosom heav'd with various passions.
 Still would he seek you in each well known haunt,
 Each bower, each cavern, like the tender fawn
 That through the woodland seeks its mother lost,
 Exploring all around with anxious eye,
 And looking still unutterable grief,
 Lonely and sad, and stung with keen regret.

Zen. Did my child weep?—not much I hope—

Meg. With soothing tales
 I labour'd to beguile him from his sorrow;
 I promis'd your return; a gentle smile
 Brighten'd his anxious look; he sigh'd content,
 And then I led him to a safer dwelling
 Among the shepherds of the Syrian vale,
 Who all have sworn to guard him as their own,
 And in due season lead him to the Romans.

Zen. Oh! may those shepherds know the kindest
 influence

Of the indulgent heavens!—yet why not stay
 To guard him—but I'll not complain—on me

Your cares were fix'd—oh! tell me how the gods
Watch'd over all thy ways, and brought thee to me?
Where hast thou liv'd these many, many days?

Meg. In bitterness of soul I've liv'd, thy fate
Thy tender form deep imagin'd in my breast!
I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,
But bring, alas! no tidings of your lord.
Heart-broken, wearied out, I measur'd back
My feeble steps, but thou wert ravish'd thence;—
For thee I travers'd hills and forests drear;
Thee I invoked, that every cavern'd rock,
Each vale, each mountain echo'd with thy name.

Zen. And here at length you find me, here encompass'd

With all the worst of ills—hence let us fly
To the blessed Syrian valley, where my child
Wins with his early manhood every heart,
And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

Meg. Vain the attempt—one only way is left—
Reveal thee to the ambassador of Rome.
Safe in his train thou may'st escape this place,
And gain Paulinus' camp—Zenobia known
Will meet protection there.

Zen. The gods inspire
The happy counsel—ha! Tigranes comes!
Retire, Megistus—[*He goes out.*]—a gay dawn of hope
Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

TIGRANES *enters.*

Tig. Hail, princess, destin'd to imperial sway,
To grace with beauty Pharasmanes' throne!
By me the impatient king requests you'll fix
The happy nuptial hour.

Zen. Thou might'st as well
Command me wed the forked lightning's blaze
That gilds the storm, and be in love with horror.

Tig. Take heed, rash fair!—an eastern monarch's
love,

Ardent as his, must not be made the sport
Of tyrant beauty—when a rival dares
Oppose his sovereign's wish——

Zen. Does Pharasmanes,
Say, does your king permit his spies of state,
That curse of human kind, to breathe their whispers
In his deluded ear?

Tig. Full well 't is known
That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,
And draws your heart's allegiance from your king.

Zen. Thou vile accuser! If the prince's virtues
Have touched my bosom, what hast thou to urge?
What if a former Hymeneal vow
Has bound my soul?—what if a father, sir,
A father dear as my heart's purple drops,
Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to share
The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

Tig. Madam, those words——

Zen. Thou instrument of ill!

Who still art ready with a tale suborn'd,

And, if thou art not perjurd, dar'st betray;

Away—and let thy conscience tell the rest. [*Exit.*

Tig. [*Alone.*] Vain, haughty fair!—thou hast provok'd my rage

By wrongs unnumber'd—but for all those wrongs
Soon shall inevitable ruin seize thee.

RHADAMISTUS enters.

Rbad. Perhaps e're this your king's tumultuous
passions

Sink to a calm, and reason takes her turn.

Then seek him, sir, and bear a Roman's message,

The terms of peace humanity suggests.

Tell him Flamminius wishes to prevent

The rage of slaughter, and the streams of blood

Which else shall deluge yonder crimson plains.

Tig. Already, Roman, his resolve is fix'd.

War, horrid war impends.

Rbad. And yet in pity

To human kind, to the unhappy millions

Who soon shall die, and with their scatter'd bones

Whiten the plains of Asia, it were best

To sheathe the sword, and join in Rome's alliance.

Wilt thou convey my message?

Tig. I obey.

[*Exit.*

Rbad. [*Alone.*] May some propitious power inspire
his heart,

And touch the springs of human kindness in him.

Else against whom amidst the charging hosts
 Must Rhadamistus' sword be levelled?---ha!-----
 Spite of his crimes he is my father still-----
 And must this arm against the source of life-----
 Nay more, perhaps against a brother too,
 A brother still unknown!---he too may die
 By this unconscious hand! this hand already
 Inur'd to murder whom my heart adores!
 My brother then may bleed!---and when in death
 Gasping he lies, and pours his vital stream,
 Then in that moment shall the generous youth
 Extend his arms, and with a piteous look
 Tell me--a brother doth forgive his murderer?
 Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackest woe,
 To be a wretch abhorred, author of crimes
 From which my tortur'd breast revolts with horror!
 Who's there? a youth comes forward--now be firm
 Be firm my heart, and guard thy fatal secret!

TERIBAZUS enters.

Ter. Illustrious Roman, if misfortune's son
 A wretched--ruin'd--miserable prince
 May claim attention-----

Rhad. Ha!--can this be he!
 The graces of his youth--each feeling here,
 Here at my heartstrings tell me 't is my brother!

[Aside.

Ter. I see you're mov'd, and I intrude too far.

Rhad. Pursue your purpose--warmest friendship
 for you
 Glows in this breast-----

Ter. Though Pharasmanes' fury
Maintains a fix'd hostility with Rome,
Blend not the son with all a father's crimes.

Rhad. Go on—I pant to hear——

Ter. My father's cruelty
Each day breaks out in some new act of horror,
Nor lets the sword grow cold from human blood.
First in his brother's breast he plung'd it; then
Inflam'd to fiercer rage 'gainst his own son,
Oh! Rhadamistus! thou much injur'd prince!——

Rhad. And didst thou love that brother?

Ter. Generous Roman,
He lived far hence remote—I ne'er beheld him,
But the wide world resounded with his fame.

Rhad. Hold, hold my tears!—oh! they will burst
their way

At this his virtuous tenderness and love! [*Aside.*

Ter. And dost thou weep too, Roman?

Rhad. From such horror,
And so much cruelty my nature shrinks.
Whatever purpose rolls within thy breast,
Boldly confide it—shall I arm'd with vengeance
Assault the purple tyrant in his camp?
Or wilt thou join my steps; then in the front
Of a brave veteran legion head the war,
Seek the usurper 'midst his plumed troops,
And thus avenge mankind?

Ter. No; far from me,
Far be the guilt of meditating aught
Against the life from whence my being sprung.

Let him oppress me, he 's a parent still!

Rhad. He rives my heart!—oh! what a lot is mine!

[*Aside.*

Ter. Not for myself I fear; but oh! Flamminius,
A lovely captive, 't is for her I tremble;
For Ariana, for that sweet perfection;
She is her sex's boast!—her gentle bosom
Fraught with each excellence!—her form and feature
Touched by the hand of elegance; adorned
By every grace, and cast in beauty's mould!
Her Pharasmanes means to ravish from me.
But thou convey her hence—'t is all I ask.

Rhad. By Heaven I will—do thou too join our
flight;

Armenia shall be thine, and that sweet maid
Reward thy goodness with connubial love,
Adorn thy throne, and make a nation bless'd!

Ter. Make Ariana happy; bear her hence
And save those bright unviolated charms
From Pharasmanes' power—when wish'd for peace
Settles a jarring world, Flamminius then,
Then will I seek thee. Wilt thou then resign her?

Rhad. Yes then, as pure as the unsullied snow
That never felt a sunbeam; then I'll give her
Back to thy faithful love.

Ter. Thou generous Roman,
In gratitude I bow—she 's here at hand;
A moment brings her to you, while at distance
I watch each avenue, each winding path,
That none intrude upon your privacy.

[*Exit.*

Rhad. [*Alone.*] At length I've seen my brother;
 know how much
 He differs from his father! he shall seek
 The Roman tents; I'll there disclose myself;
 There will embrace him with a brother's love.
 Oh! how the tender transport heaves and swells,
 Till thus the fond excess dissolves in tears!

MEGISTUS enters, leading ZENOBIA.

Zen. Alas! my heart forebodes I know not what.

Meg. Dispel each doubt—this is your only refuge.

Zen. Thou gen'rous Roman, if distress like mine—
 If an unhappy captive may approach thee——

Rhad. To me affliction's voice—ye powers of heaven!
 That air!—those features! that remember'd glance!

Zen. If thus a wretch's presence can alarm you—

Rhad. The music of that voice? such once she
 looked!

And if I had not plung'd her in the stream,
 I could persuade myself——

Zen. Those well known accents!

Those tender soft regards? nay, mock me not!
 I could not hope to see thee—tell me—art thou——
 That once ador'd!—oh! [*Faints into Megistus' arms.*]

Meg. Ah! her strength forsakes her.

Support her Heaven! [*Catches her in his arms.*]

Rhad. Ye wonder-working gods!
 Is this illusion all? or does your goodness
 Indeed restore her?—if I do not dream,

If this be true, oh! let those angel eyes
Open to life, to love, and Rhadamistus.

Meg. What further miracles doth Heaven prepare?

Zen. Forgive my weakness—the air-painted image
Of my lov'd lord—and see! again it's present!
That look that speaks the fond impassion'd soul!
Yes, such he was!—oh! art thou—tell me—say—
Art thou restored me?—art thou Rhadamistus?

Rbad. I have not murder'd her! benignant gods!
I am not guilty—my Zenobia lives!

Zen. It is my lord—oh! I can hold no longer.
But thus delighted spring to his embrace,
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kisses,
And thus, and thus, speak my enraptur'd soul.

Rbad. She lives! she lives! what kind protecting
god,
Long lost, and long lamented, gives thee back,
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice
With joy to ecstasy, with tears to rapture?

Zen. This good old man—'t was he preserved me
for you.

Meg. Oh! day of charms!—oh! unexpected hour!
I have not liv'd in vain—these gushing eyes
Have seen their mutual transports!

Rbad. Gen'rous friend,
Come to my heart,—Zenobia's second father!

Zen. Thou art indebted more than thou can'st pay
him,
Indebted for our infant babe preserv'd,
The blossom of our joys!—thou can'st not think
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee

Rhad. Oh! mighty gods!—it is too much of bliss,
Too exquisite to bear? these barbarous hands
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child!
Wilt thou forgive me—oh! my best delight,—
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?
Wilt thou, Zenobia?

Zen. Will I, gracious Heaven?
Thou source of all my comfort!

Meg. Ha! beware,
Beware my prince!—but now with hasty step
I saw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

Rhad. Th' ambassador of Rome he seeks, on business
Of import high—I will prevent his speed—
And must I then so soon depart, Zenobia?

Zen. Hence, quickly hence—anon we'll meet
again—

Rhad. Yes, we will meet; the gods have given thee
to me,

And they will finish their own holy work. [Exit.

Meg. My prayers are heard at length—Zenobia still
Shall be Armenia's queen.

Zen. Oh! good Megistus,
Heaven has been bounteous, and restor'd my lord.—
With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,
And thou, Megistus, thou shalt join our flight;
Plac'd near his throne, thy gen'rous zeal shall share
The bright reward of all thy toil and care;
While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms,
Forget my woes in Rhadamistus' arms. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

RHADAMISTUS and TERIBAZUS enter.

**Teribazus.*

THOU art a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!
The best of friends, to save such innocence,
That lovely virgin bloom!--the pious act
Shall to remotest time transmit thy name,
Ennobled by humanity and virtue.

Rhad. Alas! no praise I merit;---'t is a deed
That loses virtue's name---

Ter. Flamminius, no!
Thou shalt not derogate from worth like thine.
But oh! beware, my friend, and steel thy heart
Against the sweet illapse of gentler passions.
To love her were such treachery!--by heaven!
It were a fraud of a more damned hue---
A fraud to sacred friendship!--but my soul
Rejects the mean suspicion---thou art just,
And Ariana shall be mine again!

Rhad. If when the tumult of the war is passed,
You then persist to claim her---

Ter. Then persist!
When I do not persist---whene'er my heart
Forgets the fond idea---ha!--take heed---
our colour dies by fits---and now again
It flushes o'er your cheek---if beauty's power

Can waken soft desire---and sure such beauty
 May warm the breast of stoic apathy,——
 If thou canst love,---resign the trust at once.
 For oh! to lose her, to behold those charms,
 That all-perfection yielded to another,
 Were the worst agony, the keenest stab
 That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.
 The thought,---the very thought inflames to mad-
 ness!——

Rhad. [*Aside.*] Not till the fever of his mind sub-
 sides,

Must I reveal me---the disclosure now
 Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,
 And bury all in ruin---let her then,
 Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid
 Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,
 Since you will have it so---since weak mistrust
 Can taint a noble spirit,——let her here
 Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,
 Its various graces;---bid those radiant eyes
 Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,
 In flame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

Ter. Madness and horror!--no!--haste, fly, begone,
 And give her hence safe conduct---I can trust
 To Roman continence---your Scipio's praise
 Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip!

Rhad. Thou too attend her steps;---watch all her
 ways;

When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,
 Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear—

The web which fate has wove---beware, my friend---
Tigranes comes---what wouldst thou, sir?

TIGRANES enters.

Tig. The king

Grants you one parley more---even now this way
He bends his steps---remote from all he means
To hold a private conference.——

Rhad. Rome's ambassador

Attends his pleasure.—— [*Exit Tigranes,*

Ter. I must hence, Flamminius——

Farewell!---yet ere thou go'st,---I still must crave
Another interview——farewell!——remember,
My love, my life, my all depend on thee.—— [*Exit,*

Rhad. Ah! luckless prince!---how lost in error's
maze

Blindly he wanders, and love's sweet delusion
Infuses its enchantment through his heart!
But when remov'd from Pharasmanes' power
He learns my prior claim,---his gen'rous friendship
Will bound with transport at a brother's joys,
And with a warmth of sympathy partake 'em.
But ha!---my father!---grant me strength, ye powers!
To meet the dread encounter.——

PHARASMANES enters.

Phar. Once again

Ere you depart, if Pharasmanes deign
To treat, and thus expostulate with Rome,
'T is to thy prayers I grant it,

Rhad. Rome had rather
Persuade than conquer---her well-ballanc'd justice---

Phar. No more of Roman justice---blazon not
Virtues you ne'er have practis'd---with the name,
The specious name of love for human kind
You sanctify the insatiate rage of conquest,
And where the sword has made a solitude,
That you proclaim a peace.-- Even now your views
Stand manifest to sight---To thee 'tis known
That Rhadamistus lives!-----

Rhad. How, sir!-----can he-----
Does that unhappy prince-----

Phar. Thou false dissembler!
Yes in thy heart the fatal secret 's lodg'd!-----

Rhad. Sir, if your son---if you will search his heart---

Phar. From certain fugitives I 've learn'd it all---
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
To war against his father still he lives!
Why dost thou droop dejected?---something lurks
Beneath that burning blush-----

Rhad. That burning blush
Glow on my cheek for thee---I know your son,
And know him unsusceptible of guilt.

Phar. Then, Roman, mark my words---would'st
thou prevent
The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains?
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms
With him, who brings me Rhadamistus' head.

Rhad. Your own son's head!

Phar. Why dost thou gaze so earnest?
Why those emotions struggling for a vent?

Rbad. Amazement checks my voice, and lost in wonder

I view the unnatural father, who would bathe
His hands in blood,---in a son's blood---a son
Who pants,---with ardor pants,---on terms of peace
To sheathe the sword, and with a filial hand
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

Phar. By heaven 'tis false---has he not dar'd to
league

With my determin'd foes?---even to the senate,
To every region, where his voice could pierce,
Has he not fled with the delusive story?
With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world?
And even now, does not the stripling come
To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

Rbad. Though urg'd by dire constraint, yet heaven
can witness

His strong reluctance.-----

Phar. Let the rebel know
He never shall ascend Armenia's throne.

Rbad. And shall destruction with her horrid train
Stalk o'er the land?

Phar. Yes---let destruction loose-----
'Tis Pharasmanes' glory-----

Rbad. Can the rage,
And the wild tumult of destructive havoc
Administer delight!---alas!---the day
That deluges the land with human blood,
Is that a day of glory?
I, sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,

Where war had spent its rage—hadst thou beheld
That scene of horror,---where unnumber'd wretches
In mangl'd heaps lay welt'ring in their gore;
Where the fond father in the gasp of death
Wept for his children,---where the lover sigh'd
For her, whom never more his eyes could view;
Where various misery sent forth its groans;---
Had'st thou beheld that scene,---the touch of nature
Had stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity gush'd unbidden from thy eye.---

Phar. Enervate slave!---here ends all further parley,
Go tell your general, tell your Roman chiefs,
The father claims his son.---Have we not heard
How your own Brutus to the lic'tor's sword
Condemn'd his children?---and would Rome dispute
A king's paternal power?---let 'em yield up
The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms
Shall Pharasmanes overwhelm their legions,
Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs
Give to the vulture's beak.

Rhad. And yet reflect-----

Phar. Roman, no more.

Rhad. Unwilling I withdraw;---

A father's stern resolve the son shall mourn,
And with a pang of nature shall behold
The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee. [Exit,

Phar. [Alone.] Away, and leave me, slave!---to-morrow's sun

Shall see my great revenge—mean time I give
The gentle hours to love and Ariana,---
What, ho! Tigranes!

TIGRANES enters.

Phar. Does the stubborn fair
Yield to my ardent vows?

Tig. She mocks your passion,
And gives to Teribazus all her smiles.

Phar. By Heaven! even love itself shall be my
slave!——

Yet love like mine requires her soft consent,
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms.
Quick, bring her father to me.——

Tig. By your orders
At hand Megistus waits your sovereign will. [Exit.

Phar. Bring him before us—wise and prudent age
Will plead my cause, and second my desires.

MEGISTUS enters.

Meg. Dread sir—a blameless,—a distress'd old man,
Of guilt unconscious——

Phar. Whatsoe'er thy guilt
A smile from Ariana expiates all.

Meg. Believe me, sir, I never have offended——
She was my sole delight; my age's comfort;——
For her I felt more than a parent's love——
But 'midst the troubles that distract the land,
I lost her—in despair—with yearning heart
I rang'd the country round in fond pursuit——
This is my crime—sure 'tis no crime to love
Such blooming innocence!——

Phar. Dispel thy fears——

Thy love for Ariana speaks thy virtue—
That graceful form, that symmetry of shape,
That bloom, those features, those love-darting eyes,
All, all attract, that there each fond admirer
Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

Meg. Alas! whate'er the symmetry of shape,
Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,
Glow in her bloom, or sparkles in her eye,
They all are transient beauties, soon to fade,
And leave inanimate that decent form.
Inward affliction saps the vital frame,
Incurable affliction!—fix'd in woe
Her eyes for ever motionless and dim
Gaze on the fancied image of her husband.

Phar. Her husband!

Meg. Yes, a husband sever'd from her
By fatal chance!—him she for ever sees
With fancy's gushing eye, and seeks him still
In fond excursions of delusive thought.
She pines each hour, and even in blooming dies,
As drooping roses,—while the worm unseen
Preys on their fragrant sweets, still beauteous look,
And waste their aromatic lives in air.

Phar. The rose transplanted to a warmer sky
Shall raise its languid head, and all be well.

Meg. Her husband still survives, and far remote
He wanders in Armenia's realm——

Phar. No more
To call her his!—by all my promis'd joys
His doom is fix'd!—do thou streight seek thy daughter,

My loveliest Ariana—in her ear
Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice,
And reconcile her heart to love and me.

Meg. Your pardon, sir,—it were not fit my voice
Should teach her to betray her holy vows.

Phar. When Pharasmanes speaks——

Meg. My life is his,——

And when he wills it, 't is devoted to him——
But, sir, though poor,—my honour still is mine,
'T is all that Heaven has given me,—and that gift
The gods expect I never should resign.

Phar. And dost thou hesitate?—what, when a
crown

Invites thy daughter to imperial splendor?

Meg. Oh! not for me such splendor!—I have liv'd
My humble days in virtuous poverty.
To tend my flock, to watch each rising flower,
Each herb, each plant that drinks the morning dew,
And lift my praise to the just gods on high!——
These were my habits, these my only cares;——
These hands suffic'd to answer my desires,
And having naught,---yet naught was wanting to me.

Phar. Away, thou slave!—I would not quite des-
pise thee——

Or yield your daughter, or my swiftest vengeance
Falls on thy hoary head---a monarch's love
Shall seize her trembling to his eager arms,
Then spurn her back a prey to wan despair,
Till bitter anguish blast each wither'd charm,
And rave in vain for love and empire scorn'd! [*Exit.*

Meg. [*Alone.*] Fell monster, go!---inexorable tyrant!-----

Perhaps I should have sooth'd his lion rage
With feign'd compliance---ha!---why sudden thus---

ZENOBIA enters.

Zen. Th' important hour, Megistus, now approaches-----

Lo! the last blushes of departing day
But feebly streak yon dim horizon's verge.
My Rhadamistus comes to guide my steps-----
Through devious paths seek thou Zopiron's tent-----
Thus we shall lull suspicion-----

Meg. I obey;-----

May guardian angels spread their wings around thee!
[*Exit.*

Zen. [*Alone.*] Yes, the bless'd gods, who through
the maze of fate

Have led us once again to meet in life,
Will prove the friends of virtue to the last.
Ha!---Teribazus comes.

TERIBAZUS enters.

Ter. And is it giv'n

Once more to see thee here?---dost thou avoid me?
Dost thou despise me in this tender moment
When my soul bleeds with anguish at the thought
Of parting with thee?---Ariana!

Zen. Oh!-----

Unhappy prince!---oh! fly me; shun me; death

And ruin follow---one short moment's stay
Will rouse your father's rage——

Ter. My father's rage
Already has undone me---ah! in tears!——
And do they fall for me?—does that soft sigh
Heave for the lost, afflicted Teribazus?——

Zen. Yes, the tear falls, and the sigh heaves for
thee——

Thy elegance of mind---the various graces
That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero,
Nay, other ties there are which strongly plead,
And bid me tremble for thee.——
And yet, sad recompence for all thy friendship,
To warn thee hence, to bid thee shun my ways,
Is all the gratitude I now can offer.——

Ter. Thus must we part?

Zen. A rival is at hand——

Here in the camp, an unexpected rival,
Sent by the gods, the idol of my soul!

Ter. What say'st thou, Ariana? has another
Usurp'd thy heart?—unkind, relentless maid!——
Since first thy beauty dawn'd upon my sight,
How have I lov'd, repented, yet lov'd on!——
Ev'n against you, against myself I struggl'd——
Present I fled you—absent I ador'd——
I fled for refuge to the forest's gloom,
But in the forest's gloom thy image met me!——
The shades of night, the lustre of the day,
All, all retrac'd my Ariana's form.——
Thy form pursu'd me in the battle's rage,

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'Midst shouts, and all the clangor of the war.
It stole me from myself!—my lonely tent
Re-echoes with my groans, and in the ranks
The wond'ring soldier hears my voice no more.

Zen. Yet leave me, Teribazus, gen'rous youth!
Remembrance oft shall dwell upon thy praise,
But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

Ter. Another's claim! why wilt thou torture thus
A fond despairing wretch?—oh! not for me
Those sorrows fall, they are another's tears;
Another claims them from me—name this rival
That my swift fury---tell me, has Flamminius,
Has the base Roman broke his promis'd faith?
Will not the barb'rous man afford you shelter?

Zen. Why wilt thou force me speak? the fate of all
Thine Teribazus, mine, the fate of one,
Whom, were he known, thy heart holds ever dear,
Is now concern'd—Flamminius claims my love,
Long since he won my heart——

Ter. Vindictive gods!
Flamminius claims thy love!—not Cæsar's self
Shall dare to wrest thee from me, Ariana!
Thus on my knees,---would I could perish here——
That ev'n in death I still might gaze upon thee,
Till the last pang divide thee from my heart.

RHADAMISTUS enters.

Rhad. It was the voice of anguish and despair!
Why thus, illustrious prince——

Ter. [*Starting up.*] Thou treach'rous Roman!—

Who com'st to violate each sacred tie,
The laws of honour, and the laws of love!
Who com'st beneath the mask of public faith
To do a robber's work!

Rhad. When to your camp
I bring a heart that longs to serve you, prince,
Why this intemp'rate rage?——

Ter. To do the work
Of perfidy and fraud! but first by rapine,
By violated maids your city grew;
And do you come to emulate your sires?
Unwilling to degenerate in vice.——

Rhad. Mistaken youth!—oh! if you did but know
me!

If you but knew the justice Rome intends——

Ter. Justice and Rome! and dost thou dare to join
Two names so opposite? have we not heard
Of frugal consuls, and of stoic chiefs,
Who soon forgetting here their sabine farms,
Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome
Rich with the plunder of the rifled east?
Again some new Lucullus leads them on,
Fir'd with the love of rapine.

Rad. Fir'd with zeal
To break a nation's chains—would'st thou but hear
me——

It is a friend implores

Zen. A gen'rous friend!——
Then listen to him—let these streaming eyes,
These earnest pray'rs---this supplicating form——

Ter. Leagu'd with my foe behold her!—mighty gods!——

Have I deserv'd it of her?——

Rhad. Yet be calm——

Yet listen to me——Oh! I could unfold——

Yet stay, I'll prove myself a brother to thee.

Ter. Roman expect me in the battle's front
Instant depart, but leave thy prey behind;
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, tempt her hence—
To-morrow's sun shall see me cloth'd in terror
Pursue thy steps thro' all the ranks of war,
Till my spear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground. [*Exit.*

Zen. Yet, Rhadamistus, call him, let him know—

Rhad. Thou lovely trembler! banish ev'ry fear,
The time now bids us hence; and lo! the moon
Streams her mild radiance on the rustling grove.—
I will conduct thee—ha! Zopiron!

ZOPIRON enters.

Come,

Thou best of men, let me once more embrace thee.

Zop. Oh! speed thee hence—each moment's big with death——

Rhad. Farewell! farewell! when I've 'scap'd your camp,

Seek thou my brother; soothe his troubl'd spirit,
Explain these wonders; tell him Rhadamistus
Esteems and loves, and honours all his virtues.—
Farewell, Zopiron!--in Armenia's court

Thy king shall thank thy goodness—my Zenobia,

Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger
To life, to love, to liberty and joy. [*Exit with Zen.*]

Zop. Lo! the Heavens smile with gentlest aspect
on them!——

This calm serene that ev'ry planet sheds
To light their steps——this glad ætherial mildness
Is sure the token of incircling gods
That hover anxious o'er the solemn scene!——

PHARASMANES enters; TIGRANES following.

Phar. Let Teribazus streight attend our presence—

Tig. But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour
He enter'd yonder tent——

Phar. Bid him approach us.——

Then do thou round the midnight watch, and see
That Rome's ambassador has left my camp. [*Exit Tig.*]
This war, Zopiron, shall be soon extinguish'd
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

Zop. Armenia, sir, still obstinately mourns
Lost Mithridates, father of his people.

Her hardy sons with one consenting voice
Demand a king for Rome;—all leagu'd and sworn
Never to crouch beneath a conqu'ror's yoke.

Phar. But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,
They'll shrink aghast, and own my sov'reign sway.

TERIBAZUS enters.

Phar. Thou base confed'rate with thy father's foes!

Ter. The accusation, sir,—if proof support it,
Gives you my forfeit life, and I resign it,
Freely resign——if destitute of proof,

It is a stab to honour—and the charge
Should not be lightly urg'd.——

Phar. This arrogance
That dictates to a father——

Ter. 'T is the spirit
Of injur'd innocence——if Pharasmanes
Suspect my truth—send me where danger calls;
Bid me this moment carry death and slaughter
To rage in yonder camp;—yes, then your son
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

Phar. Hast thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'rest
passion

And to seduce my Ariana's love?

Ter. And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,
'T is past—the charm is o'er—no longer now
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph!——
In vain she now may call forth all her graces,
Instruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,
And practise all the wonders of her face.
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

TIGRANES enters.

Tig. Th' ambassador of Rome, and that old traitor
The false Megistus——

Phar. Speak; unfold thy purpose.——

Tig. Together left the camp, and in their train
Bear Ariana with them——

Ter. Ariana!——
Have the slaves dar'd—detested treachery!
Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

Phar. Haste, fly, pursue her; bring the trait'ress
back! —————

Ter. My rapid vengeance shall o'ertake their flight;
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains.

[*Exit.*

Phar. Do thou, Tigranes, with a chosen band
Circle yon hills, and intercept their march.
And thou, Zopiron, send my swiftest horse
To range the wood, and sweep along the vale.

[*Exit Tigranes.*

Zop. Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid. [*Exit.*

Phar. [*Alone.*] Has the perfidious, — yet ador'd
deceiver,

Thus has she left me? — from a monarch's smile
Fled with a lawless ravager from Rome? —

Oh! give me vengeance; give Flamminius to me,
That he may die in agony unheard of.

The trait'ress then — spite of each winning art, —
Spite of her guilt — she triumphs in my heart.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Pharasmanes.

Not yet return'd! — I'm tortur'd on the rack —
By heaven to-morrow's dawn — distracting thought!
E'er that the Roman ravager enjoys
Her heaven of bliss, and riots in delight.
My soul's on fire — this night I'll storm his camp

And dash his promis'd joys ;---let loose my rage,

[A flourish of trumpets.

And bury all in ruin---ha !---what means

This new alarm ?-----

TERIBAZUS, Soldiers, &c. enter.

Ter. The treach'rous slave is taken !

My speed outstripp'd him, and this arm that seiz'd
Hath well secur'd the traitor-----

Phar. Great revenge,
The measure of thy joys is full !-----

Ter. At first
They made a feeble stand ;---but hemm'd around
And close incircl'd by the sons of Asia
They saw death threat'ning at each javelin's point.
I rush'd upon Flamminius---much he courted
A secret parley, but my soul disdain'd
All further conference---he and his complotter
The base Megistus, with the fair deserter
Re-measure back their steps, and clank their chains
In bitterness of heart.-----

Phar. A father's thanks,
Shall well requite thee-----lo ! the traitors come-----

RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIAS, and MEGISTUS enter,
in Chains.

Phar. Thou base perfidious !-----thou Italian
plunderer !

Rhad. I do not mean to wage a war of words.-----
Repent thee of this insult, of these chains
On him, who represents a people here.

Phar. Anon thou 'lt see how I respect that people.
My just revenge shall tell thee; on thy head,
And thine, Megistus, sudden vengeance falls.

Meg. Alas! worn out with age and misery
I long to lay me in the shroud of death.

Phar. I grant thy wish----what words, fair fugitive,
Can colour thy deceit?-----

Zen. The heart resolv'd
Wants no excuse, no colouring of words-----
I found my husband,---flew to his embrace;---
This,---this is he!---the lord of my desires-----
With him content I'll traverse o'er the world.-----

Phar. Do'st thou avow it too?-----

Zen. Do I avow it?-----

Yes, I exult, I glory in it.---Think'st thou
I'll prove so meanly false to honour's cause
As to apologize for being faithful?-----

Ter. I see Flamminius has already school'd her
In Roman maxims-----

Rhad. Miserable prince!
I will not answer thee-----too soon thy heart
For this last feat will bitterly reproach thee!-----

Ter. Away with thy delusive arts---if ever
I form alliance with haughty people,
Those ravagers of earth,---if e'er again
I hold communion with thee,---may the gods-----
May Pharasmanes-----but it cannot be-----
My heart high beating in my country's cause,
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome. [Exit.

Rhad. Thee, Pharasmanes, thee my voice addresses-----

Thou know'st my title to her---Hymen's rites
Long since united both---Then loose these chains;---
'Tis in the name of Rome I ask it-----

Phar. Slave!-----

Thy title, by the rights of war, is now extinguish'd,---
Captivity dissolves her former ties,
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

Zen. And are there laws to change the human heart?
To alter the affections of the soul?
Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.
This is my husband! source of all my comfort!
With him I'll live---with him will dare to die!-----

Phar. By heaven some mystery---thou treach'rous
fair!

Mark well my words---unfold thy birth and rank---
My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture-----
Who and what art thou?---Vain is ev'ry guess---
Resolve my doubts, or else the Roman's doom
Shall be determin'd streight-----

Zen. And my resolve,
Tyrant, is fix'd to share my husband's fate.
That I unfold---that sentiment reveal-----
To Heaven and earth reveal it---for the rest
Guess if you can,---determine if you dare.

Phar. Quick, drag Flamminius hence-----

Rbad. Slaves, hold your hands-----

My character protects me here-----

Phar. Dispatch,

Instant dispatch, and seize Megistus too-----

[Megistus is led off.]

Zen. Horror!—call back the word—it shall not be—
Here will I hold him—barb'rous ruffians hold——
Murder!—my life! my lord! my husband! oh!——

[Rhadamistus is dragged off.

Phar. Give him the torture; let your keenest pangs
Extort each secret from him——

Zen. Pharasmanes!
Thus lowly humbl'd, prostrate in the dust,
Washing your feet with tears—have mercy!—this
Will be the blackest, worst of all your murders——

Phar. There's but one way to mitigate his doom—

Zen. Give me to know it—spare him——spare his
life——

Phar. Abjure the slave, and by connubial vows
This instant make thee partner of my throne.

Zen. My faith, my love, my very life is his——
My child is his—oh! think thou see'st my infant
Lifting his little hands——

Phar. I'll hear no more——
Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.

[Exit Pharasmanes.

Zen. [Alone.] Inhuman tyrant!—madness seize my
brain——

Swallow me earth——here shall these desp'rate hands
Strike on thy flinty bosom—here my voice
Pierce to thy centre—till with pity touch'd
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch
From hated men—from misery like this.

TERIBAZUS enters.

Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

Zen. What voice is that—I know thee well—
thou art

That fiend accurst, the murd'rous Teribazus!—

Yes, thou art welcome! [*Rising.*] thou delight'st in
blood—

I am your willing victim—plunge your sword
Deep in my heart—I'll thank thee for the stroke,
Since thou hast murder'd all my soul held dear.

Ter. Assuage this storm of grief, nor blame a lover
That dotes like me—could I behold that form
Snatch'd from my arms?—

Zen. You know not what you've done—
Your blameless brother—

Ter. How!

Zen. You've murder'd him—
Your brother Rhadamistus—

Ter. Rhadamistus!

Zen. By thee he dies—that is your splendid deed—

Ter. What say'st thou?—he my brother—urge
me not

To instant madness—is he—tell me—say—

Zen. Yes, that fatal wretch!—

Ter. If this be so—what have I done, ye Powers!
To merit this extremity of woe—

Why did'st thou hide the awful secret from me?—

Zen. Could I betray him—could I trust your father

H

Whose fell ambition, whose relentless rage,
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads?

Ter. Then shall this hated being—no!—I'll live
To save a brother still—he shall not die—
Oh! let me seek him—throw me at his feet,
Implore forgiveness, and protract his days.

[*Exit Teribazus.*

Zen. It is in vain—he's lost---we both must perish---
And then my child—who then shall guard his youth?
No more these eyes shall see him—my sweet boy
Will break his heart, and unregarded die.——

ZOPIRON enters.

Zop. All's lost! all ruin'd!—to the cave of death
Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamistus forth.

Zen. Thou see'st the sad reverse!—immortal
spirits,——

Ye winged virtues,---that with pitying eye
Watch the afflicted—will ye not inspire
In this sad hour—one great, one glorious thought,
Above the vulgar flight of common souls,
To save at once my husband and my child?——
The inspiration comes!--the bright idea
Expands my heart, and charms my glowing soul.

Zop. My gracious queen, let not a blind despair—

Zen. Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inspires!
The god! the god!—my heart receives him all—
My lord, my Rhadamistus still shall live. [*Exit.*

Zop. Yet I conjure thee, hear thy faithful slave.——

[*Follows her out.*

RHADAMISTUS and Guards enter.

Rhad. Say, whither do you lead me?—does your tyrant

Repent his horrid outrage?

TERIBAZUS enters.

Guards withdraw

To a remoter ground—— [Exeunt Soldiers.

Rhad. Mistaken prince!

My heart bleeds for thee——

Ter. Oh! too well I know

The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me.

I cannot look upon thee——

Rhad. Oh! my brother,

Thus let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee——

Ter. Do'st thou forgive me?—could I e'er have thought

To see thee here? my rashness has undone thee!——

Rhad. No, thou art innocent---the guilt is mine,

The guilt of mean, ungen'rous policy

Of selfish wisdom, disingenuous art

That from a friend kept back the fatal secret,

When with the ardour of unbounded confidence,

I should have rush'd with transport to thy arms,

Unbosom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

Ter. Alas! I've heap'd these horrors on your head--

I've seal'd thy doom—that is a brother's gift—

The first essay of Teribazus' friendship!—

But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,

Of men and gods abhorr'd!—doom'd like my father
To drench these murd'rous hands in brother's blood!

Rbad. Imbitter not the pangs that rive my soul—
Where is Zenobia?—unrelenting powers!
Was it for this your persecuting wrath
Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-sweetness
To these delighted eyes, these eager arms?

Ter. I'll give you freedom still—by heaven I
will——

Rbad. Was she but given me to afflict her more?
To wake in that dear breast a gleam of joy,
A mockery of joy—joy scarce, ye powers!
Divided by the moment of delight
From black despair, from agony and death?

Ter. I will protect her—will restore her to thee,
Or do a deed shall strike mankind with horror!
Not ev'n a father shall retard my sword——
In his own blood I'll drench it——

Rbad. Ha!——

Ter. This hand,
E're thou shalt fall a victim to his fury,
Shall to the heart—th' inhuman heart of him——
Who dares——

Rbad. No more of that—can I consent,
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,
For ev'ry virtue fam'd—shall thus debase
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,
And perpetrate a dark insidious work?—
Oh! I should well deserve the worst of ills—
I then should justify a father's cruelty!——

Ter. He has undone thee—has undone us all—
But yet thou shalt not die---by heaven I swear---
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart
Thy blackest purpose---nerve my lifted arm
To dash him headlong from his glitt'ring throne
A terrible example to the world.

Rhad. Beware, beware, my brother---yet reflect—
You would strike vice with terror---tell me then,
Would not the act of rash impetuous zeal,
Would not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?
Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardour—
But oh! my brother, let it not be said
That virtue ever held the murd'rer's knife!

Ter. Gods! have I ruin'd such unheard of
goodness?-----

Swift I'll dispatch a message to Paulinus,
And call his legions to assault the camp-----

TIGRANES and Guards enter.

Tig. Guards, seize your prisoner---in a dungeon's
gloom

Plunge him sequester'd from the light of Heaven.

'Tis Pharasmanes' will-----

Ter. Thou meddling fiend!

I will attend his steps; will still protect him
From men like thee-----

Rhad. Should Pharasmanes dare
To violate the rights of public law,
Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.

[Exit with Teribazus.]

Tig. My thirst of vengeance shall be sated first.---
 Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin sure!
 Thy Ariana too, while fate is busy,
 Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory
 All smooth and level to ambition's wish.

ZOPIRON enters.

Zop. 'Gainst Rome's ambassador the king, Tigranes,
 Suspends his sentence till his further orders.
 The queen commands it too.

Tig. The queen!---what queen?

Zop. The beauteous Ariana; now your sovereign.

Tig. Has she relented?---is she married to him?

Zop. She is---the scene with various passions
 burn'd!---

Her tresses all unbound, with faded charms,
 Yet lovely ev'n in sorrow, thro' the ranks
 Eager she flew, with shrieks, with outstretch'd arms,
 Invoking ev'ry god!---the wond'ring soldier
 With soften'd sinews, dropt the sword to earth
 And gaz'd with mix'd emotions as she pass'd.
 Prone to the ground at Pharasmanes' feet
 She fell---he rais'd her soon, and smil'd consent---
 To the king's tent she press'd with eager speed---
 Th' exulting monarch call'd his priests around him,
 And soon with solemn march and festive song
 In his pavillion sought the blooming bride.

Tig. This sudden change, Zopiron, this rash haste,
 I like it not---

Zop. Nor I, Tigranes: doubt,

Suspicion, fear, and wonder, and mistrust,
Rise in each anxious thought——

Tig. But did'st thou see
The ceremony clos'd?——

Zop. I did :——at first
All pale and trembling Ariana stood.
Then more collected, with undaunted step
She to the altar bore the nuptial cup.
There reverent bow'd, and 'hear, ye gods,' she said,
'Hear, and record the purpose of my soul.'
With trembling lips then kiss'd the sacred vase,
And as our country's solemn rites require,
Drank of the hallow'd liquor. From her hand
The king receiv'd it, and with eager joy,
As to his soul he took the nectar'd draught,
With stedfast eye she view'd him, whilst a smile
Of sickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her visage.

Tig. Weil, she's our queen---the diadem is her's.

Zop. How long to wear it, Heaven alone can tell.

SCENE II.

*Draws, and discovers the King's Pavillion, with an
Altar, and Fire blazing on it; soft Music is played,
PHARASMANES and ZENOBIA come forward.*

Phar. At length my Ariana's soft compliance
Endears the present bliss, and gives an earnest
Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

Zen. Alas! fond man expatiates oft in fancy,
Unconscious of the fates, and oft in thought
Anticipates a bliss he ne'er enjoys.

Phar. Away with gloomy care; for thou art mine,
Thou, Ariana!—all our future days
Shall smile with gay, with ever-young desire,
And not a cloud o'ercast the bright serene.

Zen. And does thy penetrating eye pervade
What time has yet in store?

Phar. Why dost thou ask?

Zen. I have been us'd to grief—release the Roman,
And give him hence safe conduct to his friends;—
I then shall be at peace.——

Phar. Beware, beware!
Nor rouse again the pangs that fire a soul,
Which fiercely dotes like mine.

Zen. Dismiss him hence;
Give him his life—it was your marriage vow
He should not suffer—let me see him first;
Grant me one interview—one little hour;
In that poor space I can crowd all that's left me
Of love and tenderness, and fond concern,
Before we part for ever——

Phar. Fond concern!
And love, and tenderness!——and shall the Roman
Usurp a monarch's due?—that look betrays
The secret workings of a heart estrang'd!
And shall the man who dares dispute my love,
Shall the slave breathe a moment?—haste, Tigranes.
And see immediate execution on him. [Exit Tig.

Zen. Oh! stay, Tigranes---barb'rous man, recall
The horrid mandate-----

Phar. By immortal love,
I see the slave still triumphs in your heart.

Zen. Oh! spare him, spare him---by the vital air,
By your own promis'd faith----- [Kneels to him.

Phar. Since lov'd by thee
His doom is doubly seal'd,---

Zen. You shall not fly me-----
Now tear me, drag me groveling in the dust,
Tear off these hands---tear, tear me piece-meal first---

Phar. Nay, then since force must do it-----

[Shakes her off.]

Zen. Barb'rous tyrant!

[She lies stretch'd on the ground.]

Phar. I go to see the minion of your heart
Expire in pangs before me---ha!---what means
This more than winter's frost that chills my veins?---

Zen. [Looking up.] That groan revives, and calls
me back to life!

Phar. I cannot move---each vital function's lost---
The purple current of my blood is stopt---
I freeze---I burn---oh! 't is the stroke of death---

[Falls on the ground.]

Zen. [Rising.] Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the stroke of
death

And I inflict it-----

I have done it all-----

Phar. Pernicious trait'ress! thou!-----

Zen. My vengeance did it.-----

Zenobia's vengeance!---'t is Zenobia strikes——

Zenobia executes her justice on thee!——

Phar. Oh! dire accurst event!---art thou Zenobia!

Zen. Yes, thou fell monster, know me for Zenobia!

Know the ambassador is Rhadamistus!

Haste thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him king.

[*Exit Zopiron.*]

Phar. May curses light upon thee---oh! I die,

And racks and wheels disjoint me——

Zen. Writhe in torment,

In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew.

But I revenge his death---I dash'd the cup

With precious poison!---[*A flourish of Trumpets.*] ha!

now, tyrant, wake,

And hear those sounds---my Rhadamistus reigns!---

Phar. What, and no help!---it is too late--the fates,

The fiends surround me---more than *Ætna's* fires

Burn in my veins---yet Heaven---no---'t is in vain---

I cannot rise---my crimes---my tenfold crimes——

They pull me!---oh!--- [Dies.]

Zen. There fled the guilty spirit,

Shade of my father view your daughter now!

Behold her struggling in a righteous cause!

Behold her con ju'ring in the tyrant's camp!

Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the dust!——

[*A second flourish of trumpets.*]

Rbad. [*Within the Scenes.*] Where is Zenobia?

Zen. Rhadamistus, here!——

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS, ZOPIRON.

Rbad. Oh! let me, let me thus,---thus pour my soul,

Thus speak my joy,---thus melt within thy arms.

Zen. My lord! my life, my Rhadamistus!---come, Grow to my heart,---that bounds and springs to meet thee.——

Rbad. Once more reviv'd and snatch'd again from death,

Thus do I see thee?---these are speechless joys,
And tears alone express them——

Zen. Have I sav'd thee?

All-gracious gods! 't is rapture in the extreme!——

Rbad. My sweet deliv'rer! my all of bliss!——

Zen. Oh! it is joy too exquisite!---and yet
Grief will imbitter ecstasy like this!——
There lies your father!

Rbad. All his crimes

Be buried with him!---nature will have way,
And o'er his corse thus sheds the filial tear.

Ter. Oh! that my tears could wash away his stains!

Zen. Wilt thou forgive his murderer?——

Rbad. For thee,

Beset with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wer't,
In ev'ry region fame shall clap her wings,
And the recording muse applaud thy virtue.

Zen. If thou forgiv'st me, I am bless'd indeed!
Now we shall part no more---Megistus too!
Thou good old man!---let me embrace thee——ha!

Meg. The blood forsakes her cheek---her eyes are
fix'd!——

Zen. Support me---help me---oh! I die---I die.——

[*Falls in Megistus' arms.*]

Rbad. She faints---her colour dies---revive, Zenobia;
Revive, my love;---thy Rhadamistus thus,
Thus calls your flutt'ring spirit back to life.

Zen. It will not be---the toil of life is o'er—
My Rhadamistus—— [Sinks down on the ground.

Rbad. Must I lose thee then?——

Zen. Oh! the envenom'd cup!--the marriage rites
Requir'd that I should drink it first myself——
There was no other way---I did it freely
To save thy life---to save thee for my child.

Rbad. Art thou a victim for a wretch like me?
Is there no antidote to stop the course
Of this vile poison?——

Zen. None---it rages now——
It rages through my veins---my eyes grow dim——
They're lost in darkness---oh!--I cannot see thee---
Where art thou, Rhadamistus?---must I breathe
Longer in life,---and never see thee more!——
And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?
Oh! cruel stars!--must they not fix on thee
The last expiring glance?

Rbad. Relentless powers?
There lies Zenobia!--round that pallid beauty
Call your ætherial host, each winged virtue,
Call every angel down,---bid 'em behold
That matchless excellence, and then refuse
Soft pity if they can!

Zen. Megistus,---seek my child,---
And bring him to his father---*Rhadamistus*,---
Wilt thou protect him?---My sweet orphan-babe
I leave thee too!---oh! train him up in virtue---
Wilt thou be fond of him---a mother's fondness
My child should meet---oh! raise me, *Rhadamistus*---
Give me thy hand---my little infant---oh!---

[*Dies.*

Rhad. Tears, you do well to stop---your wretched
drops

Are unavailing at a sight like this!---
And art thou gone?---ah! thus defac'd and pale,
Thus do I see thee?---is that ghastly form
All that is left me of thee?---give me daggers,
Give me some instant means of death, my friends,
That I may throw this load of life away,
And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

Ter. Live, live my brother, for your infant son---
Let him prevail---

Rhad. Inhuman that thou art!
Think you I'll stay imprison'd here in life,
When there---behold her---how she smiles in death!---
When there that form---think ye I'll linger here?---
Dead, dead *Zenobia*?---still I have thee thus---
You ne'er shall part us---this at least I'll hold,
And cling for ever to these pale, pale charms;
Here breathe my last, and faithful still in death,
Love shall unite us in one peaceful grave.

Meg. Now, old Megistus, gods! has liv'd too long!

Ter. Bring ev'ry aid, all medicinal skill,
To call a wretched brother back to life,
And give each lenient balm to woes like his,

*From thee ambition, what misfortunes flow?
To thee what varied ills weak mortals owe?
'Twas this for years laid desolate the land,
And arm'd against a son the father's band;
To black despair poor lost Zenobia drove;
The hapless victim of disastrous love!*

[Exeunt Omnes.]



17.

EPILOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.—and Spoken by Mrs.
ABINGTON.

[She peeps through the Curtain.

How do you all, good folks? In tears for certain,
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
You're all so full of tragedy, and sadness!
For me to come among ye, would be madness:
This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[She enters upon their clapping.

This is so good, to call me out so soon——
The COMIC MUSE by me intreats a BOON;
She call'd for PRITCHARD, her first maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she,---i'm sure you'll all be sorry for 't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.

The COMIC MUSE, whose ev'ry smile is grace,
And her STAGE SISTER, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel——each has writ a CASE.
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.
MELPOMENE, complains when she appears,——
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

To raise your souls, and with her raptures wing 'em,
 Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em.
 Some flippant bussey, like myself comes in;
 Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
 Hey! PRESTO PASS!---all topsy turvy see,
 For HO, HO, HO! is chang'd to HE, HE, HE!
 We own the fault, but 't is a fault in vogue,
 'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for---EPILOGUE!
 O! shame upon you---for the time to come,
 Know better---and go miserable home.
 What says our COMIC GODDESS?---with reproaches,
 She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY encroaches!
 And spite of all her virtue and ambition,
 Is known to have an amorous disposition:
 For in FALSE DELICACY---wondrous sly,
 Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN---O slye!
 She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry,---
 Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,
 Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
 You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with t' other.
 What can be done?---sad work behind the scenes!
 There comic females scold with tragic queens.
 Each party different ways the foe assails,
 These shake their daggers, those prepare their nails.
 'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
 Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
 What is your will?---I read it in your faces;
 That all hereafter take their proper places,
 Shake hands, and kiss and friends, and--BURN THEIR
 CASES.



